You lost! Get off the field!

I scream at former Senator Coleman, his buddies.
Other repubs huddle in the Southern End, their
yaps and whines resonating in the empty stadium.

Most pitiful one wanders still, uniform in tatters.
“Kennedy and his father stole Illinois with
the collusion of Mayor Dailey,” he mutters.

“Oh yeah? How about Bush v Gore?" I challenge.
"A day that will live in infamy even among all
the other Supreme Court fascist disgraces!”

“You lost! Get off the field!” someone shrieks. “Best
irony is you’ll be killed when the Blackies take over!”